

PROG 488
20 SEP 86

2000 AD

FEATURING JUDGE DREDD

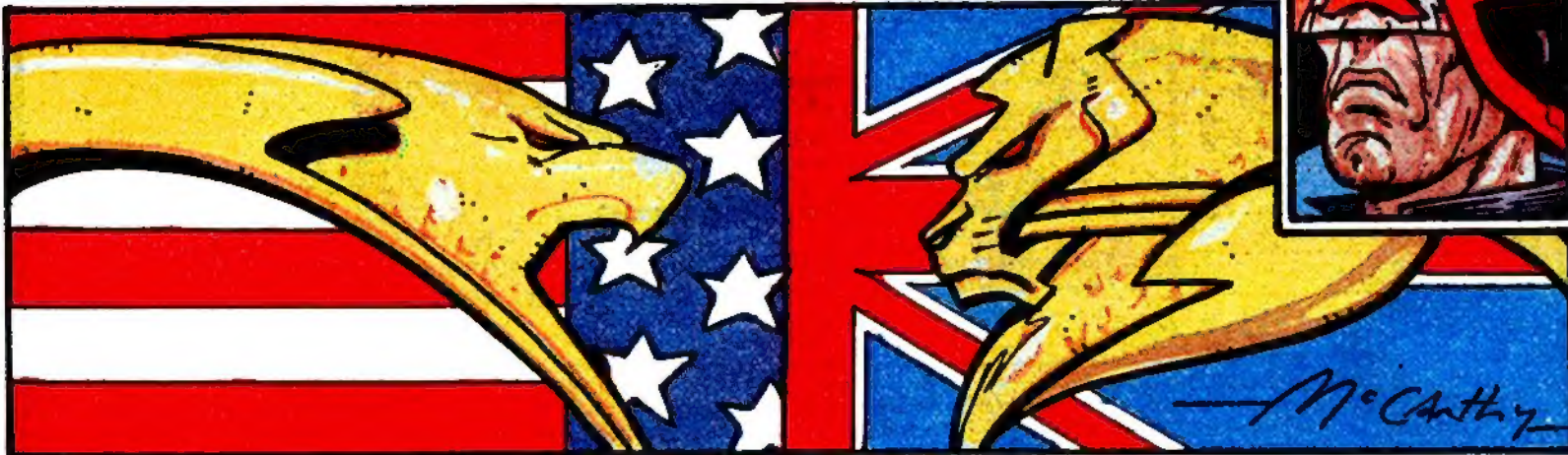
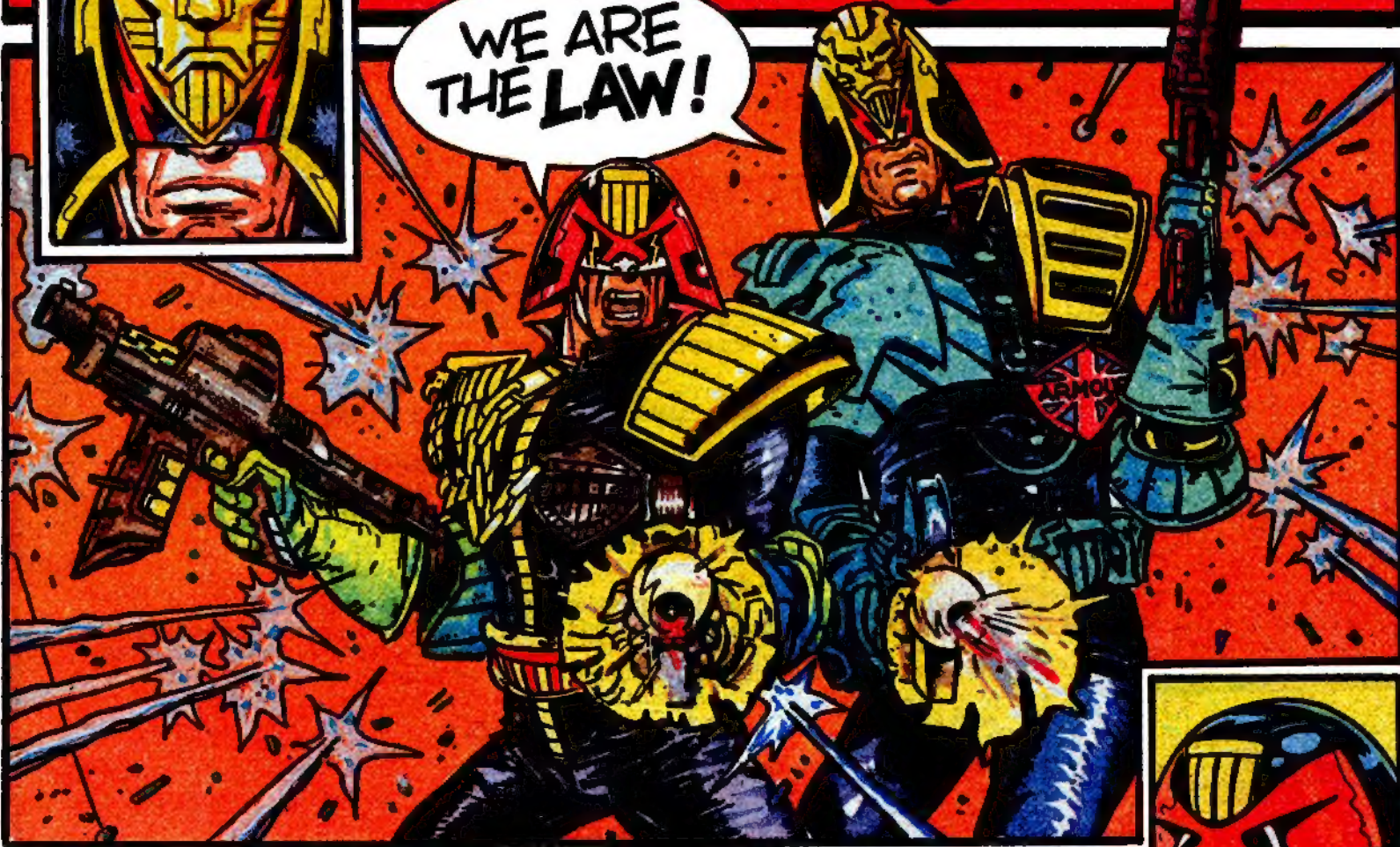
81.80 Malaysia
70c Australia
77c New Zealand
(incl. G.S.T.)
96c Germany
210c Japan
96c Spain
110c Sweden
2c USA
425c Singapore

26p
EARTH
MONEY

IN ORBIT
EVERY
MONDAY



WE ARE
THE LAW!



NERVE CENTRE

BORAG THUNG, EARTHLETS.

My last prog saw the final episode in the current series of *Nemesis*, but fret not, Terrans – the Warlock will be back in the galaxy's greatest comic before you've had time to wipe the alien filth off the face of your neighbourhood. Next prog, the colourful centre pages of 2000 AD will once more be graced by *Judge Dredd*, but this week...in a one-off, never-to-be-repeated, chance-of-a-lifetime gesture...the honour of trooping the colour goes to *Metalzoic*. Some of the richer Squaxx dek Thargo will already have purchased this scrotnig story as a complete 64-page album, and will have shattered their circuits when they saw its original colour format...but now the rest of you, too poor or too grexnix to buy the book, can have a taste of 4-colour thrill-power. *Metalzoic*-style!
SPLUNDIG VUR THRIGG!

THARG



Drawn by Earthlet Tommy Foley, Shankill, Eire. £10 Winner.



THARG THE DROID

Drawn by cheeky Earthlet M. Kalin, Bristol. £10 Winner.

VOTE HERE!

Each week Tharg displays your drawings and letters on his Nerve Centre. There are big cash prizes for every entry published, so write to him now! The address is: THARG'S NERVE CENTRE, COMMAND MODULE 2018, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS.

List your three favourite stories IN THIS PROG on the coupon and enclose it with your entry.

1.

2.

3.

I Dislike:

My Age is **488**

COVER STORY

Borag Thungg, Tharg.

Thanks for the excellent recent issues, and for a very satisfying 2000 AD Sci-Fi Special. The 'Past Shock', to coin a phrase – "The Man Who Couldn't Die" – was especially good, as were the early *Strontium Dog* reprint and Steve Dillon's *Judge Dredd* artwork. Was the cover artist on the Special Glenn Fabry (a similar style to DICEMAN covers and the *Sláine* poster), or Steve Dillon (from the image of the juve reflected on Dredd's helmet), or was it someone else?

From artistically inquisitive Earthlet Alexander Wilcock, Stockport. £5 Winner.

The brilliantly original front cover to which you refer was painted by Art Robot John Higgins, whose next Judge Dredd story is programmed to brighten up Prog 494.

THE QUICKSILVER SURFER?

Borag Thungg, Tharg.

I was looking through some back issues of 2000 AD when – to my amazement – looking at *The Helltrekkers* in Prog 404 I saw the legend 'Chopper' written on the 1000 Kay Pole. Not the great Chopper as in 'The Midnight Surfer', you're wondering? Well, that's what I thought! Is Chopper such a great surfer that he could have travelled through the Cursed Earth, written his name on the 1000 Kay Pole, and returned in time for Prog 424?

From Earthlet Chris Granet, Colchester. £5 Winner.

I don't know.

AS CLEVER AS HIS NAMESAKE...

Dear Tharg,

I would like to nominate myself for a Squaxx dek Thargo in recognition of my unselfish spreading of thrill-power to the thrill-powerless masses. Every Saturday, after receiving my weekly ration of thrill-power, I abandon my prog for some unenlightened being to find, in the hope that he/she/it will see the light.

From Earthlet Malcolm Ace, Manchester. £5 Loser.

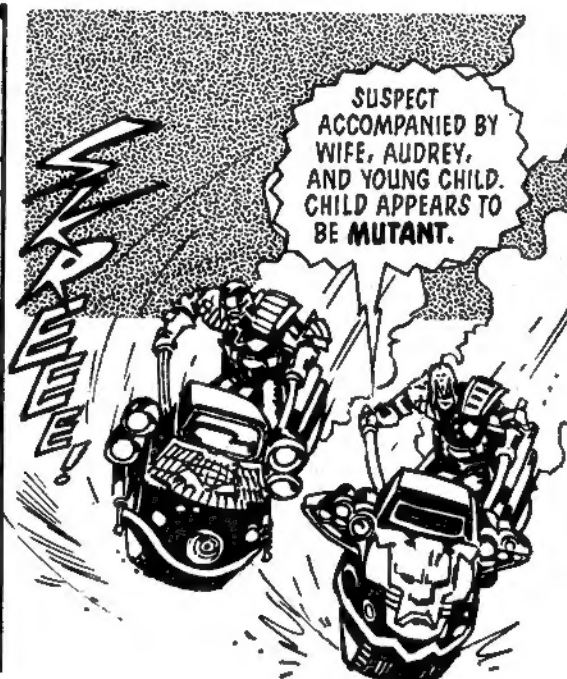
The award you seek is the Krill Tro Thargo...and no, you may not have it. However, I intend to follow your noble example and abandon your £5 prize for some unwealthy being to find, in the hope that he/she/it will squander the lot.



JUDGE DREDD

IN ATLANTIS

FINAL PART



PRESSURE EQUALISED.
OPEN DOCK GATES.



WHAT'RE YOU
GOING TO DO
WITH HIM, DAD?
KILL HIM?

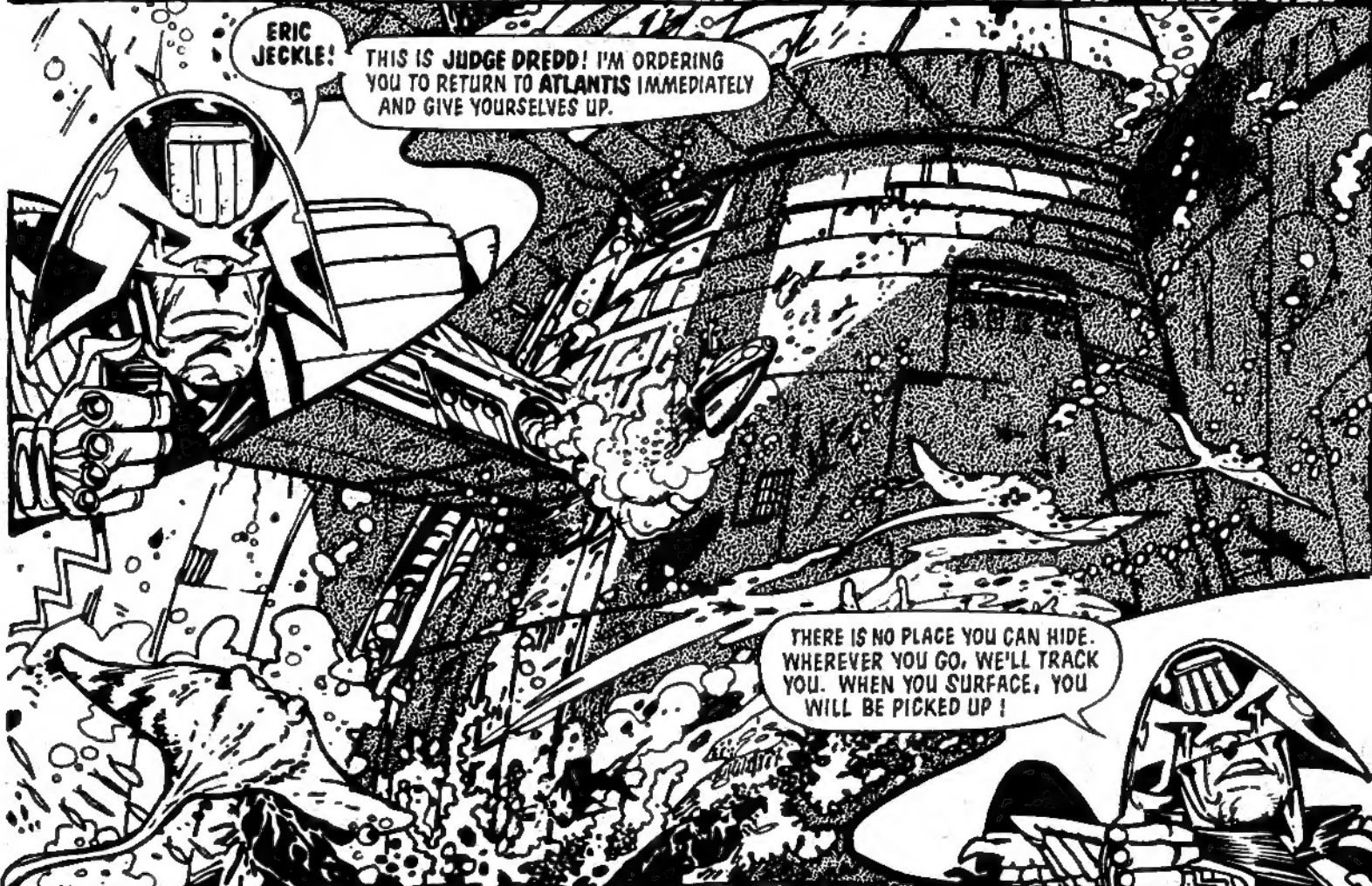
NO. THERE'S NO NEED
FOR KILLING ANYMORE,
LESLIE. WE'RE
FREE NOW.

WE'LL START AGAIN. WE'LL FIND
A NEW PLACE TO LIVE. A PLACE
WHERE WE CAN BE TOGETHER AS
A FAMILY - WHERE MUTANTS
AND NORMS LIVE TOGETHER
IN PEACE AND HARMONY.

SOUNDS
MARVELLOUS,
ERIC! WHERE
IS IT?

I DON'T
KNOW.
BUT WE'LL
FIND IT.







YES! THE SMITHS, FOR INSTANCE!
FIVE PEOPLE WE POISONED, AND
FOR WHAT? SEVENTY-NINE
LOUSY CRED!

DAD! DAD!

YOU KEEP OUT
OF THIS, LESLIE!
YOU'RE NOT ENTIRELY
BLAMELESS!

ONE MISTAKE
IN NINE YEARS -
AND ANYWAY, WHAT
ABOUT YOU? WHAT
ABOUT YOUR
MISTAKES?

ME?

NO, DAD! LOOK WHERE
YOU'RE GOING!

OH MY -

CRUNCH!

THE INRUSH OF WATER UNDER IMMENSE PRESSURE INSTANTLY CRUSHES THE LIFE OUT OF THE JECKLES -



BLOOD SEEPS INTO THE OCEAN DEPTHS -



- ATTRACTING THE CORAL RAYS.



POOR DEVILS!



IT'S THEIR HOSTAGE I'D WORRY ABOUT.



FOR LITTLE LESLIE, ON HIS FIRST TRIP OUT INTO THE WILD WORLD, THERE IS SADLY NO HAPPY ENDING.



BY THE SOUND OF IT THEY WERE DOING A ROARING TRADE IN STIFFS. LET'S CHECK OUT THEIR APARTMENT.



AUDREY JECKLE'S DIARY
REVEALS THE FULL EXTENT OF THE
COUPLE'S ACTIVITIES. SEVENTY-FIVE
POISONINGS OVER NINE YEARS - THE
LAST TWO ONLY A FEW HOURS BEFORE...

SHE'D PICK UP THE VICTIMS
AT HER WORK. HE'D DISPOSE
OF THEM IN ONE OF THE DUCT
WETLOCKS. THE PERFECT ARRANGEMENT.

I MAKE IT ALMOST 300,000 CREDITS
PASSED THROUGH THEIR HANDS -
ALL TO PAY THIS DOC DUCKWORTH'S
BLACKMAIL DEMANDS. AMAZING!

WHAT'S AMAZING
IS SHE WAS DUMB
ENOUGH TO KEEP A
RECORD OF IT.

SNIFF
SNIFF

- McCarthy 86 -

LONSDALE - GET DOWN TO THE
CLINIC, PICK UP ONE DOCTOR
FRANKLIN DUCKWORTH.

CHARGES?

BLACKMAIL,
ACCESSORY TO
SEVENTY-FIVE
COUNTS OF
MURDER.

AND ALL FOR THE LOVE
OF WOLFBOY, HERE.

YEAH, LOVE...

THERE OUGHTA
BE A LAW
AGAINST IT.

The
End



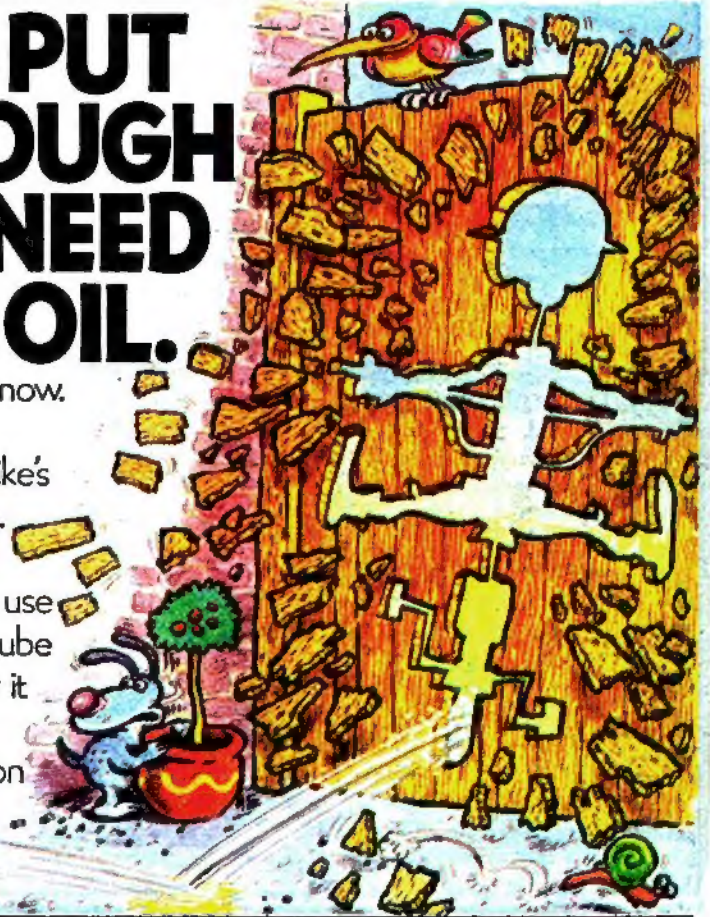
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Go for it lads. You'll soon make a big impression with your mates.



EPISODE THREE

THE VILLAGERS ARE DEAD, SLAIN BY
EVIL CREATURES FROM THE SWAMPLAND

THE SWAMP CREATURE

THEY CAME FROM THE
NORTH, ACCORDING
TO THIS MAP!!

... AND THE
REST SHALL
DIE THERE!

LATER

MORE SWAMP! AND
MORE MOSQUITOS!!
HOW MUCH FURTHER?

QUIET!! WHO
KNOWS WHAT
IS LISTENING?

SUDDENLY!



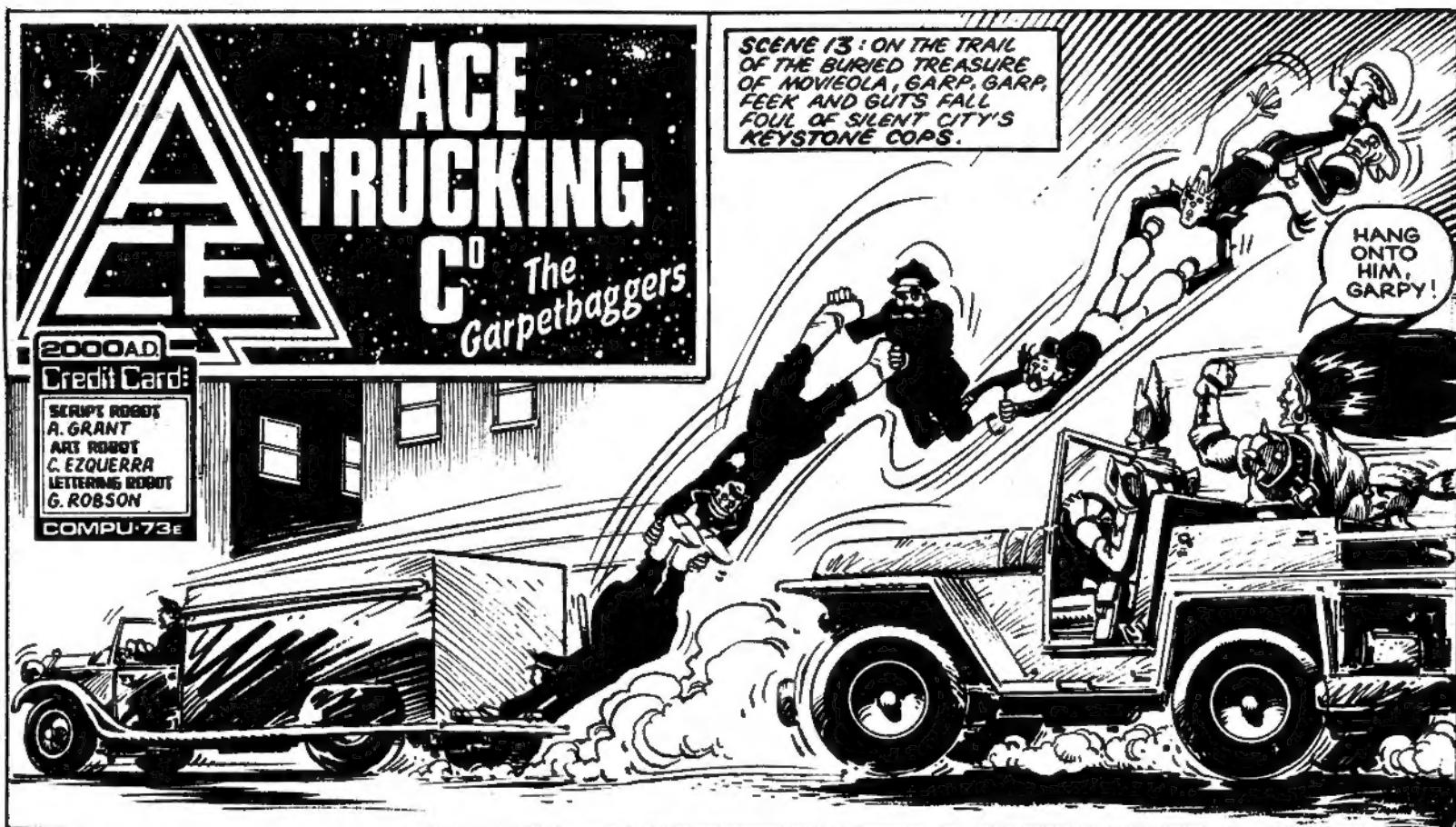
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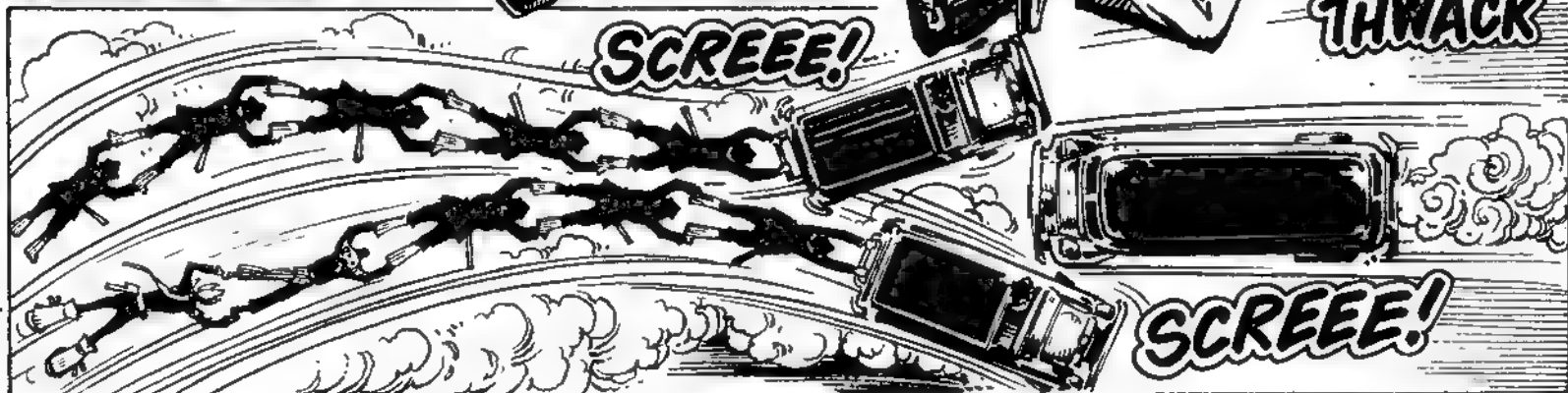
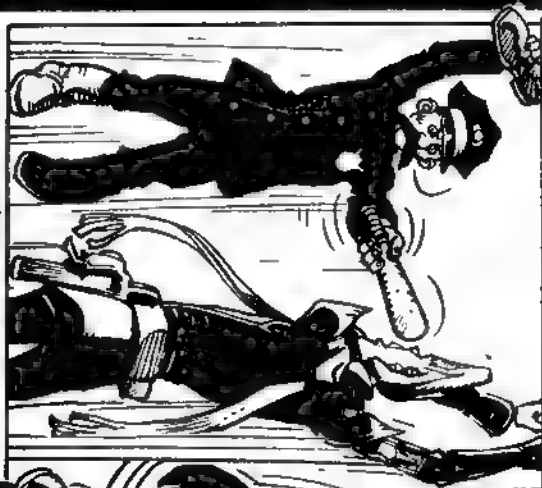
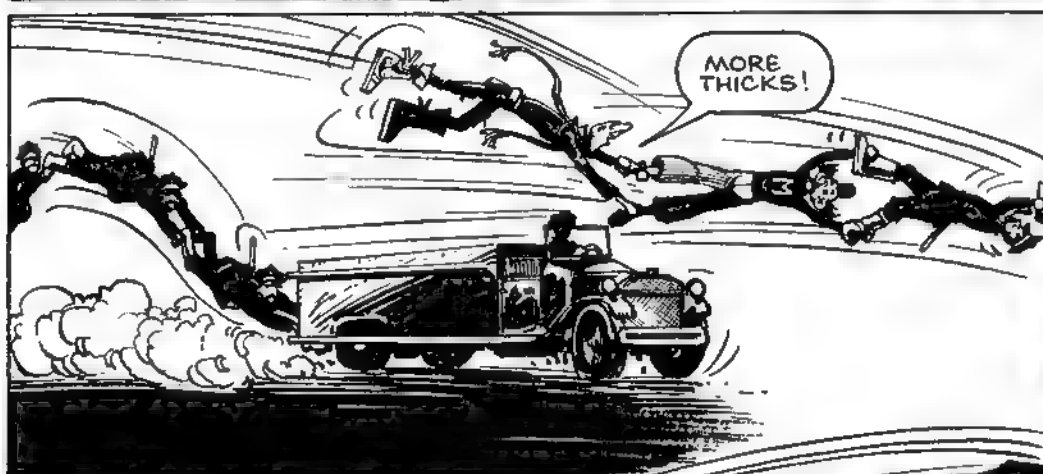
★ WHAT COULD
HAPPEN NEXT? ★

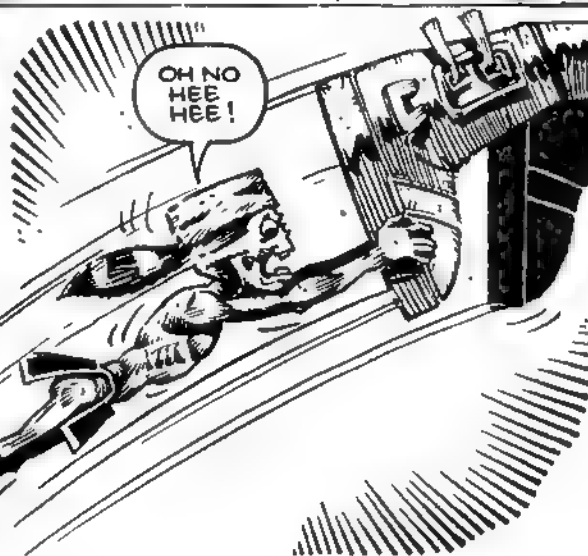
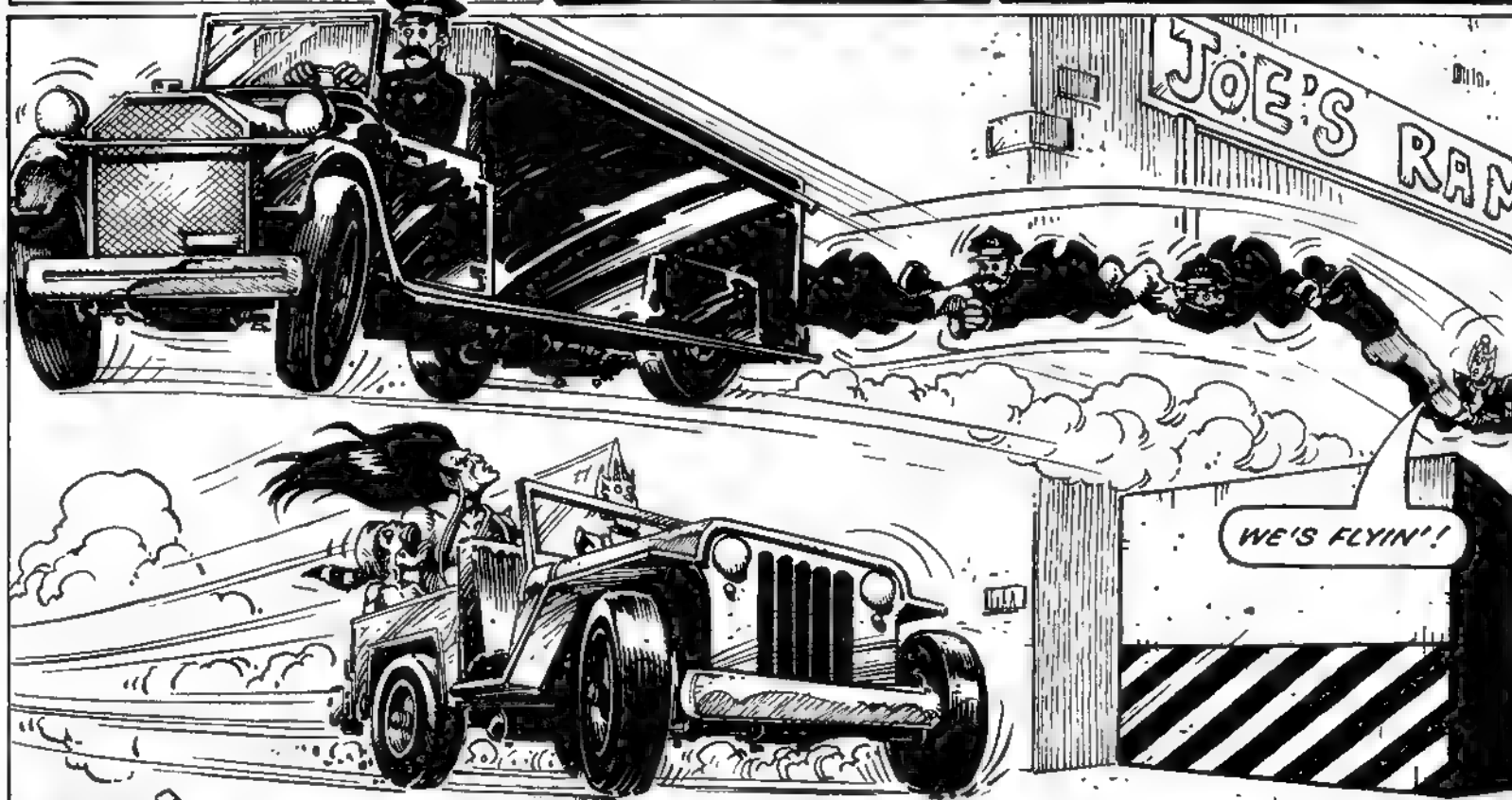
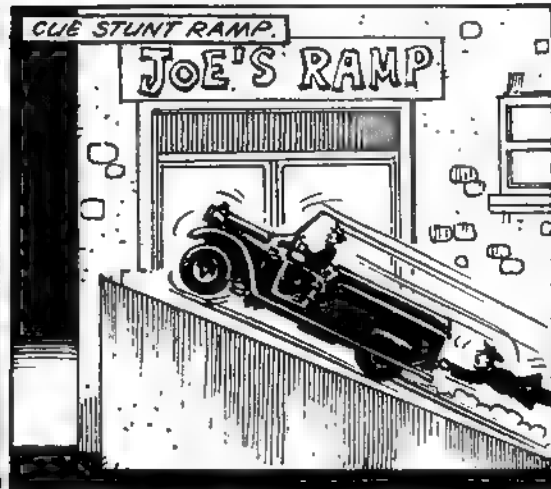
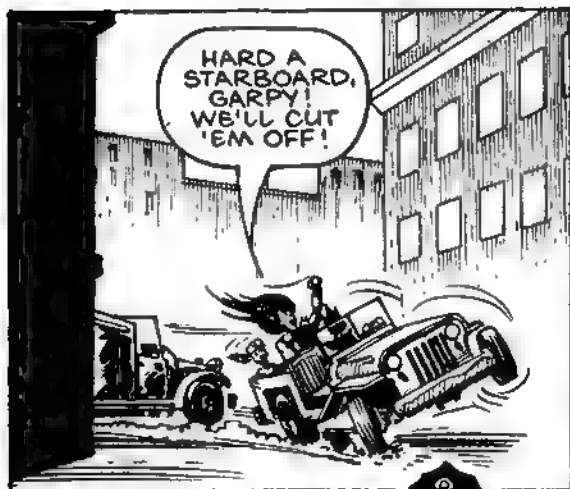
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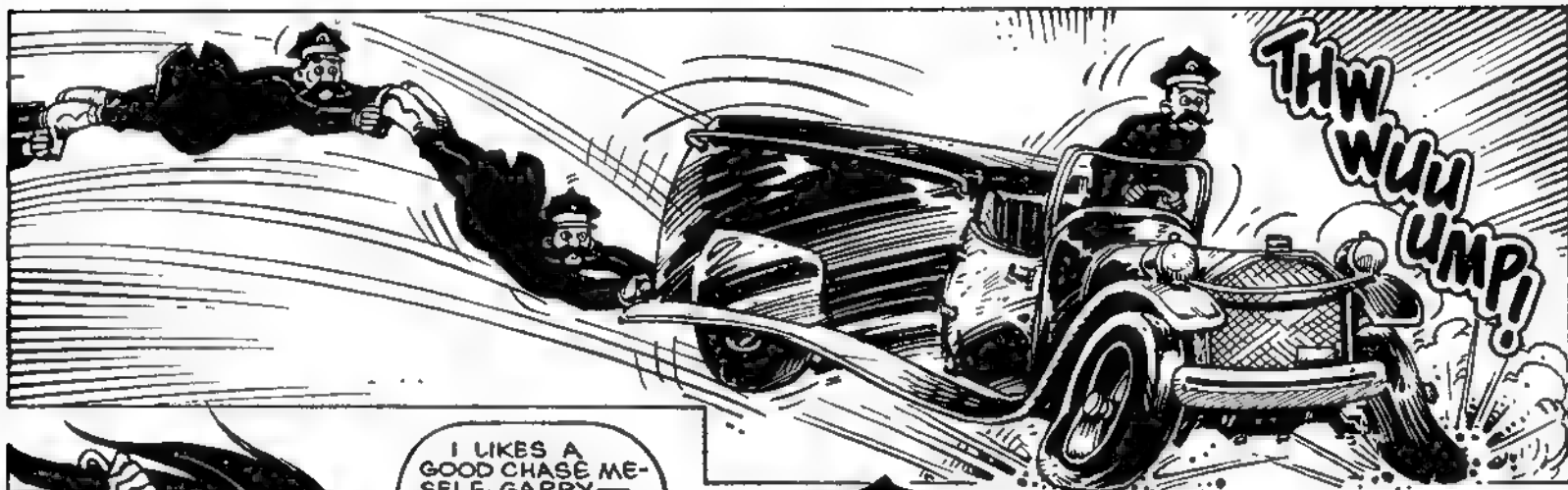


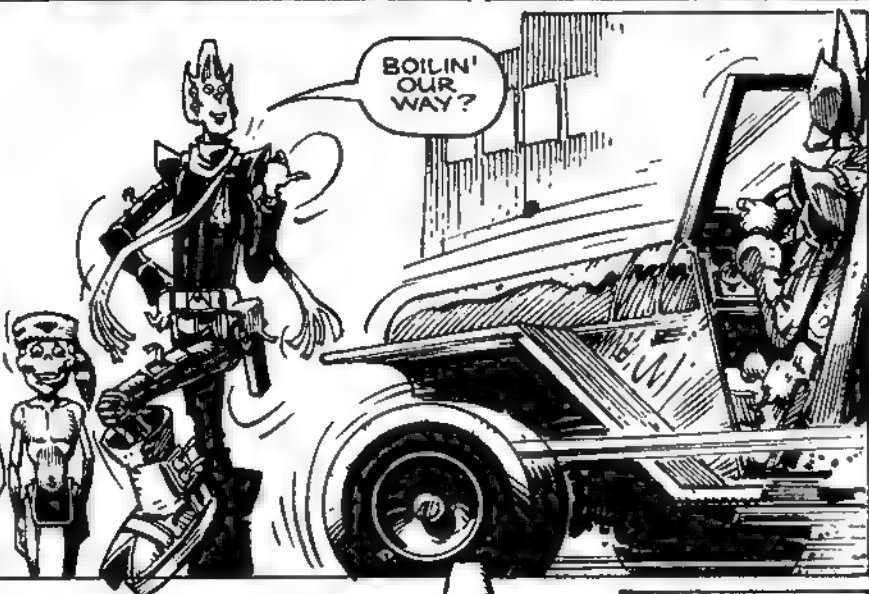
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URGENT WARNING DANGER
DEADLY NEW SPECIES OF THRILL-SUCKER
PLAGUING UNIVERSE
DON'T LEAVE
HOME WITHOUT

2000 AD
FEATURING JUDGE DREDD

RESERVATION COUPON

TO MY NEWSAGENT

Please reserve/deliver* 1 thrill-
powered copy of 2000 AD each week.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Signature of Parent/Guardian*

*delete as applicable

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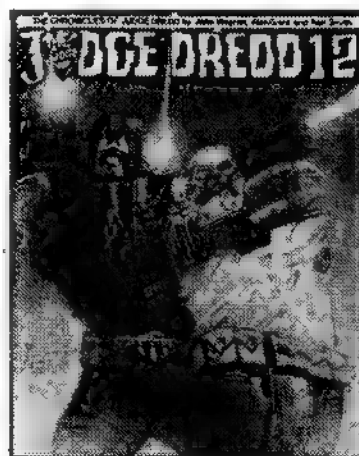
THE PRESENT IS
AS POWERFUL
AS THE
FUTURE!

DOOMLORD
IN
EAGLE



EVERY WEEK!

HE IS THE LAW!



Judge Dredd 12 features three more classic stories written by John Wagner and Alan Grant, with art by Ron Smith. In the 47 page *Dredd Angel*, Dredd teams up with his enemy Mean Machine Angel to rescue five Judge Clones from a gang of mutant scavengers. In *Examination Special*, a Judge cadet faces his greatest test when he discovers that his mother is a murderer. Finally, in *Casoy's Day Out*, Dredd protects a heed mobster from assassination.

Cover by Bill Sienkiewicz.
64 pages. Softcover £5.30 incl. P&P

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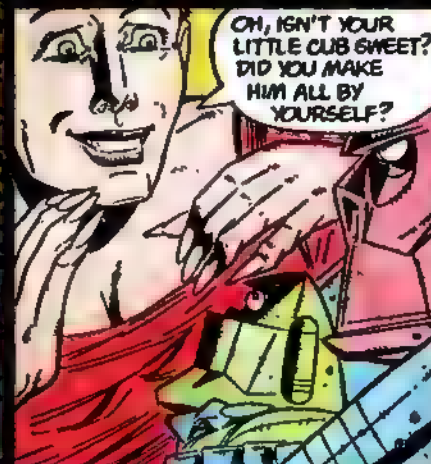
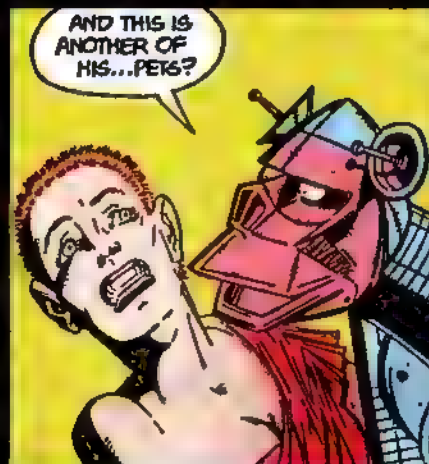
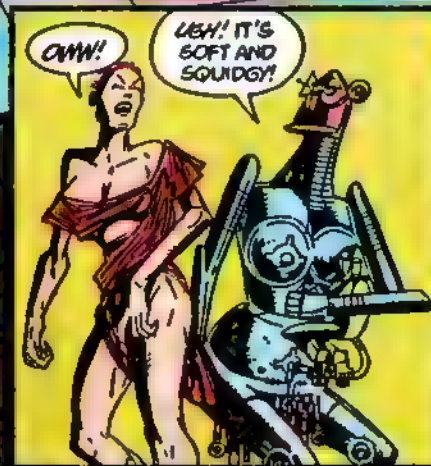
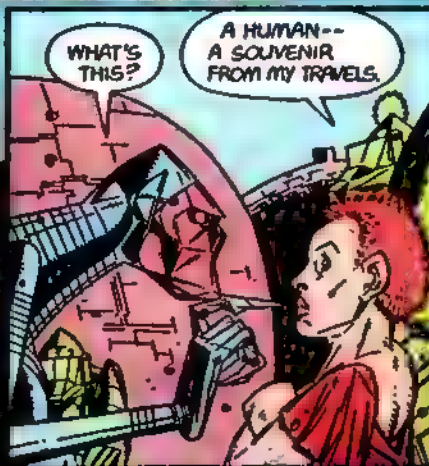
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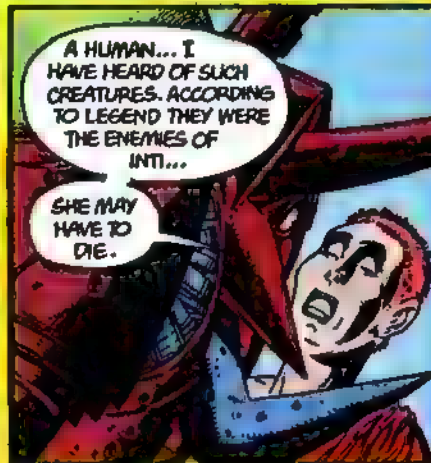
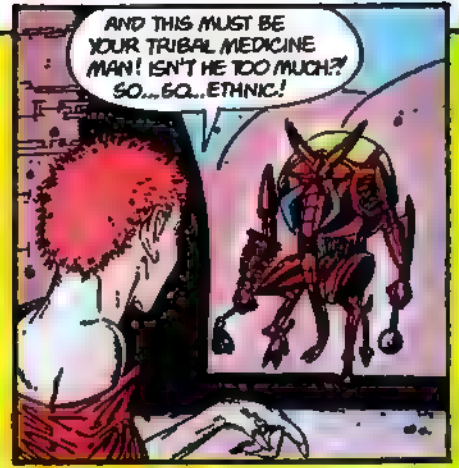
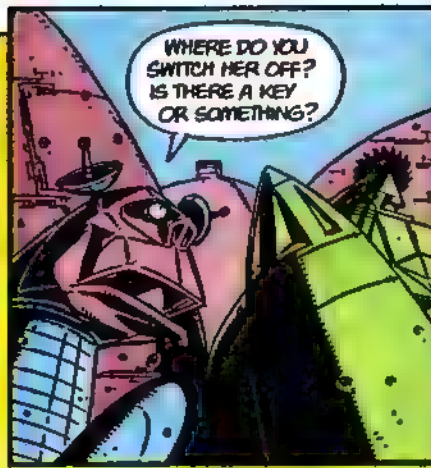
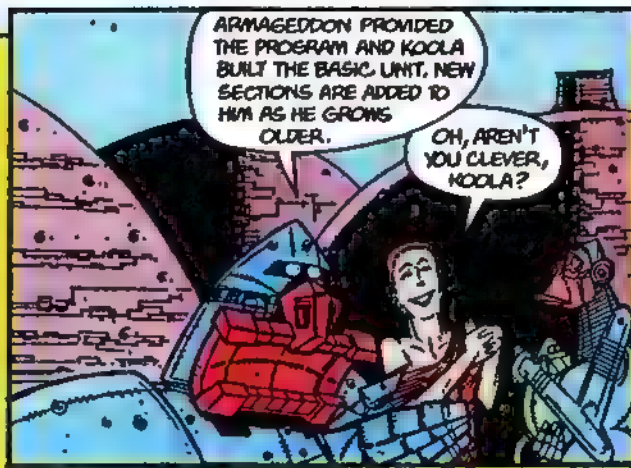
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THE ROBOTS
RETURNED TO
THEIR CAMP...

METALZOIC

SCRIPT: PAT
MILLS
ART: KEVIN
O'NEILL
LTG: JOHN
COSTANZA





NO, NO, NO!
THAT ISN'T
WHAT
HAPPENED!

I'LL TELL YOU...
NOW LISTEN
CAREFULLY...

HAVE YOU STILL
GOT THAT TRAFFID
YOU FED YOUR
LAST HUMAN TO?

IT WAS THE EARTH'S
MAGNETIC CORE! WHEN
IT REVERSED, THE
MAGNETOSPHERE SUR-
ROUNDING THE PLANET
FAILED TO DEFLECT
DANGEROUS COSMIC
RAYS...

...WHICH WIPED OUT
MOST ORGANIC LIFE,
LEAVING THE ROBOTS
IN CONTROL...

SO, YOU
SEE, THERE
IS NO ROBOT
GOD.

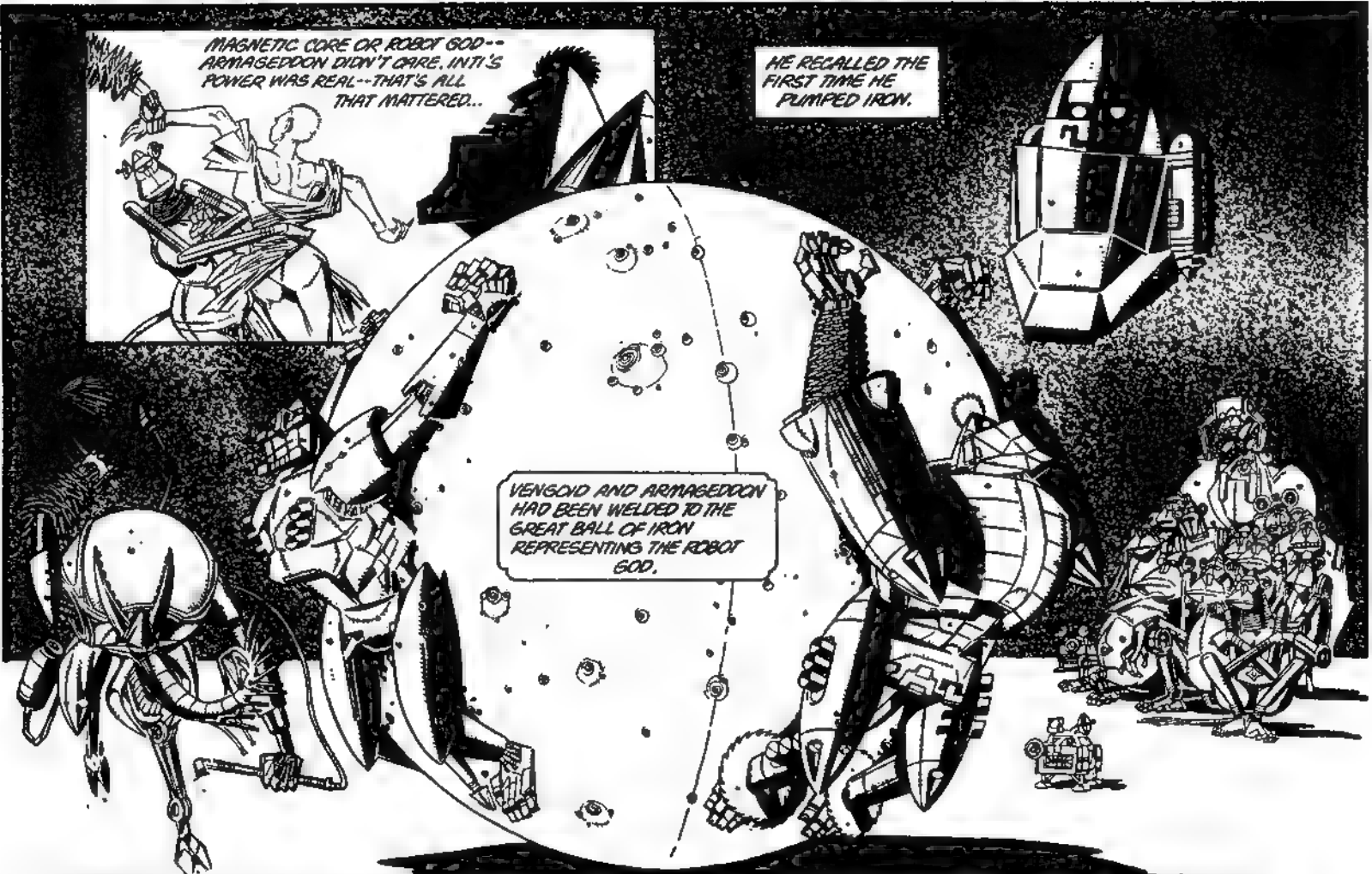
SHE'LL
DEFINITELY
HAVE TO
DIE.

YOU'VE
GOT MY
VOTE.

FOR
INSULTING
INTI!

ARMAGEDDON!
YOU CAN'T LET HIM
KILL ME FOR TELLING
THE TRUTH!

WHY
NOT?



MAGNETIC CORE OR ROBOT GOD--
ARMAGEDDON DIDN'T CARE. INTI'S
POWER WAS REAL--THAT'S ALL
THAT MATTERED...

HE RECALLED THE
FIRST TIME HE
PUMPED IRON.

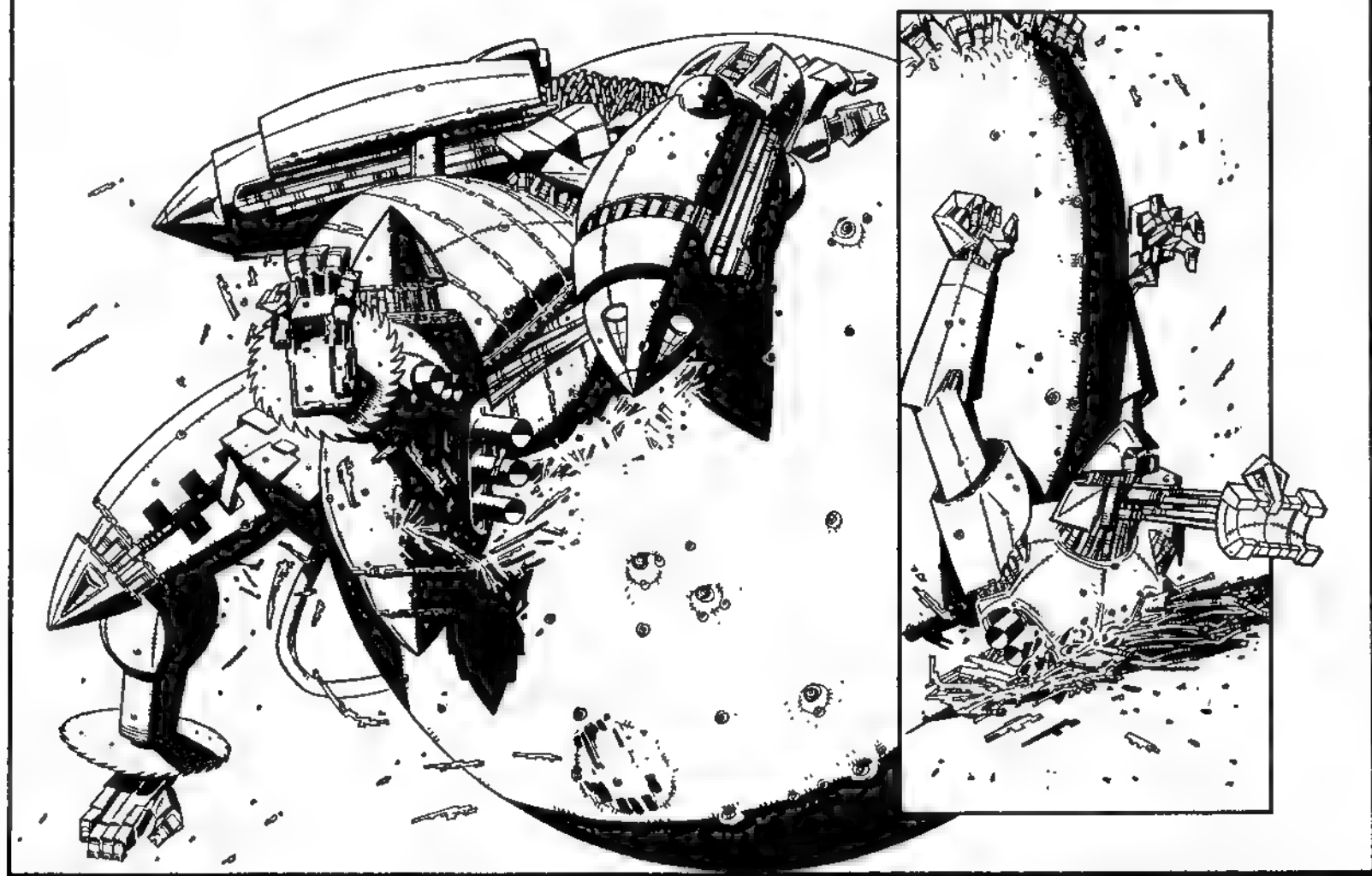
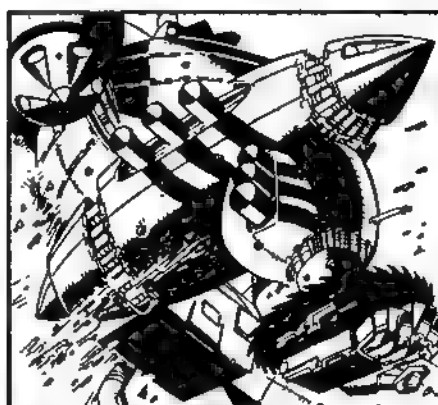
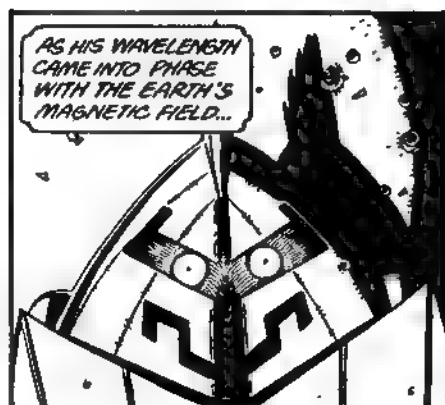
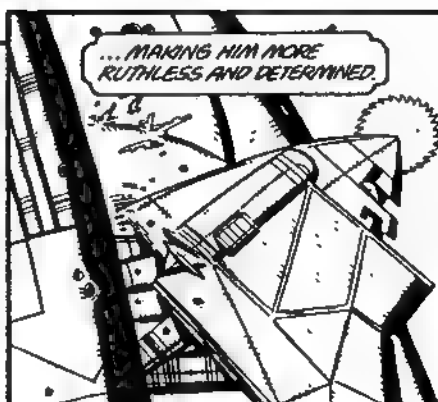
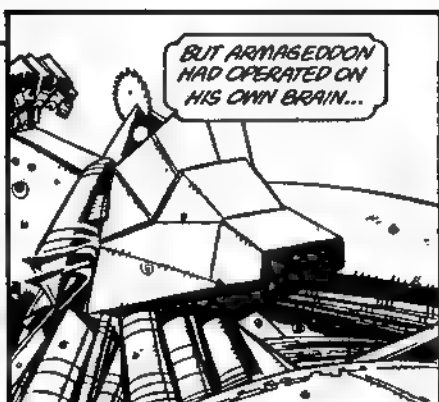
VENGOID AND ARMAGEDDON
HAD BEEN WELDED TO THE
GREAT BALL OF IRON
REPRESENTING THE ROBOT
GOD.

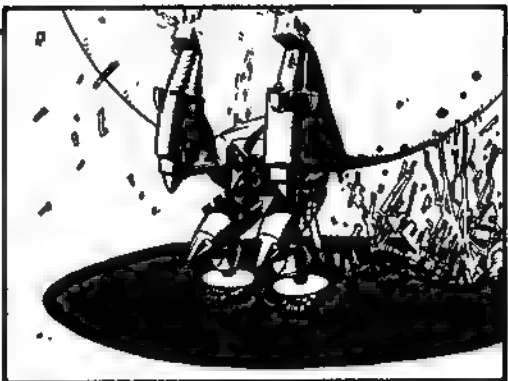
FOR THREE DAYS THEY HUNG
THERE, CONCENTRATING THEIR
MINDS ON THE ORDEAL THAT
LAY AHEAD...

WHOEVER BROKE FREE
FIRST WOULD BECOME
TRIBAL CHIEF... WHILE
THE LOSER WAS MELTED
DOWN AND ADDED TO
THE BALL.

INTI WOULD
DECIDE...

AT LAST IT WAS TIME...
VENGOID WAS STRONG
AND COURAGEOUS...





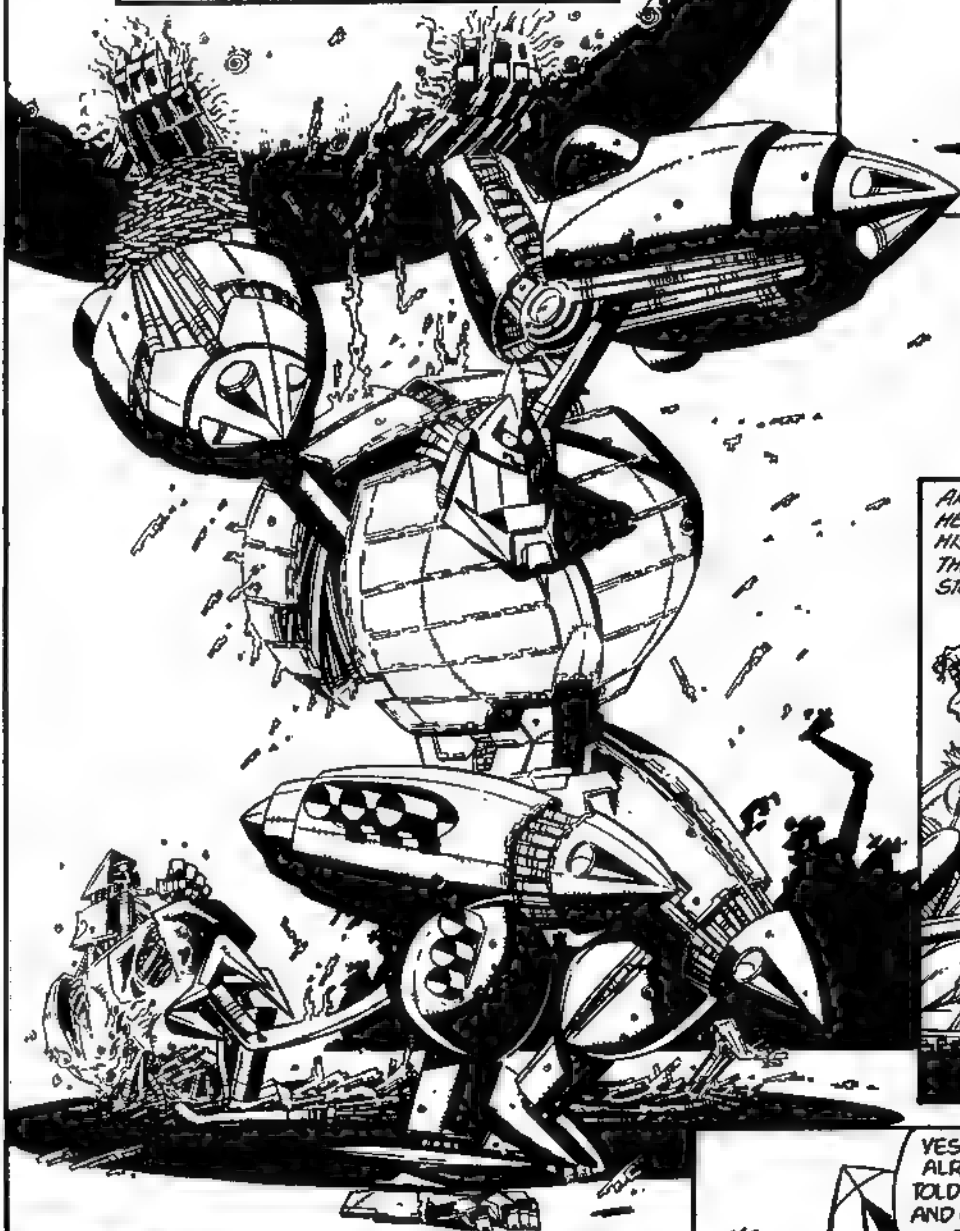
VENGOID SHOULD HAVE BEEN MELTED DOWN. BUT ARMAGEDDON PREFERRED HIM ALIVE... SO HE HAD SOMEONE TO WORK OFF HIS ABBESSION ON...

HE ENJOYED OFFENDING AND HUMILIATING HIM.

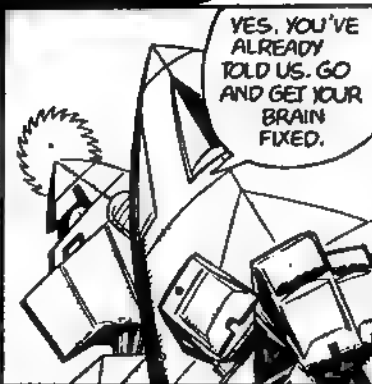
ARMAGEDDON CHUCKLED AT THE MEMORY. BUT HE HELD A SECRET AWE OF THE SHAMEK AND HIS MOTOKS... IF THEY WANTED TO KILL THE HUMAN, HE WASN'T GOING TO STOP THEM...



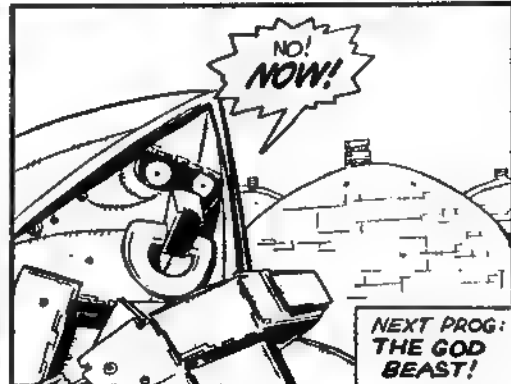
ARMAGEDDON!
PLEASE!



ARMAGEDDON! THE
WHEELDEBEAST ARE
ON THEIR WAY!



YES, YOU'VE
ALREADY
TOLD US. GO
AND GET YOUR
BRAIN
FIXED.



NO!
NOW!

NEXT PROG:
THE GOD
BEAST!



THARG'S

FUTURE-SHOCKS

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT DOBBY
BELL BAINMAN
ART ROBOT
JOHN HICKLACH
LETTERING ROBOT
TOM EAGLE
COMPU-73c

THE HISTORY OF COMMUNICATION IS A FASCINATING ONE. PAY ATTENTION, BIBROOK MINOR! FROM THE DAWN OF TIME, MAN HAS NEEDED TO COMMUNICATE WITH MAN. MESSAGES NEEDED TO BE SENT ACROSS DISTANCES...

"THERE WERE STONE DRUMS..."

BOOM-
BA-BA-
BOOM!

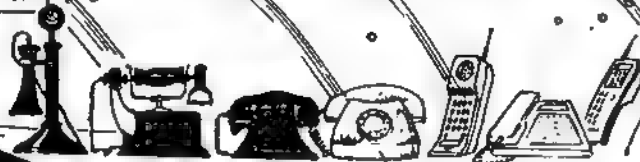
"SMOKE SIGNALS..."

"LETTERS..." THRUPPENCE FARTHING TO PAY ON THE LETTER FROM AUSTRALIA, MA'AM.
AND YOUR COUSIN IN BLACKPOOL SAYS SHE'S HAVING A LOVELY TIME...
THANK YOU, POSTIE.

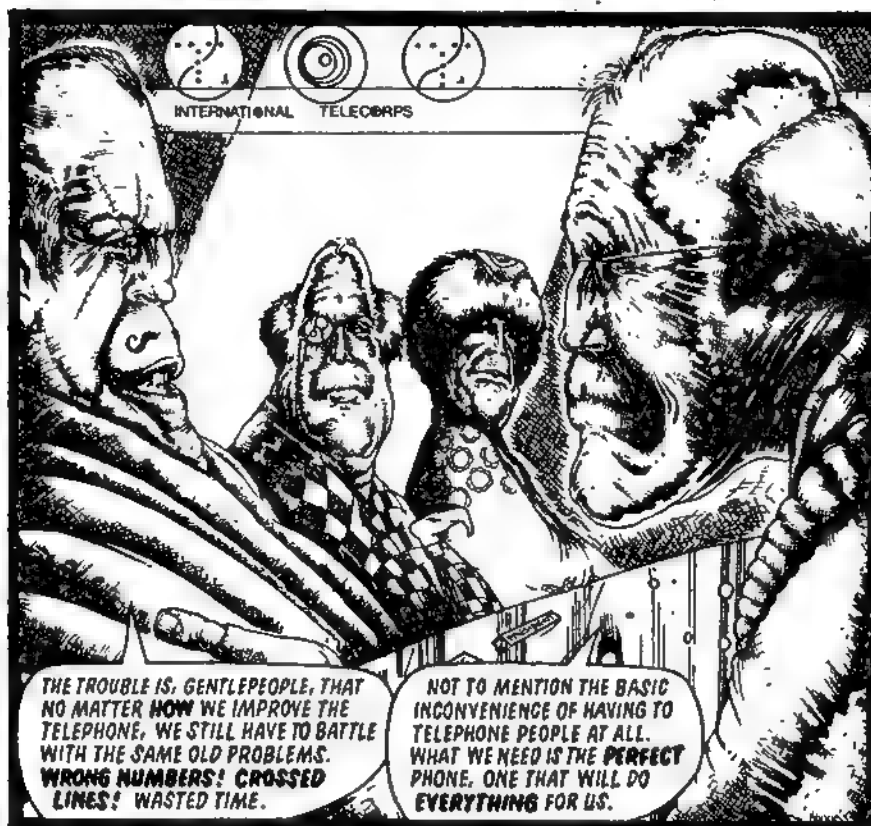
YOU'RE NEVER ALONE WITH A PHONE!

"AND, OF COURSE, THE TELEPHONE."

(OBSOLETE) COMMUNICATIONS DEVICES



ESSENTIALLY A SIMPLE DEVICE, WHICH OVER THE YEARS BECAME MORE AND MORE COMPLEX...



WE NEED MY NEW INTELLIGENCE CIRCUIT!



UH, HI EVERYONE. I'M YOUR PHONE, AND IT IS MY PLEASURE TO PLACE CALLS, REDIAL, FIND PHONE NUMBERS, TAKE MESSAGES, MAKE EXCUSES, AND EVEN SHOUT AT THE OPERATOR FOR YOU!

...WOULD EVEN SHOUT AT THE OPERATOR FOR YOU. AND ALL IT TOOK WAS THE CHEAP, EASY CLIP-ON ADDITION OF THE TELECORPS INTELLIGENCE CIRCUIT.

NATURALLY, IT WAS NOT LONG BEFORE EVERY PHONE ON THE PLANET WAS FITTED WITH AN INTELLIGENCE CIRCUIT.



BBRINGG!

IS IT FOR ME, PHONE?

NO...

"THERE WAS ONLY ONE PROBLEM..."

IT'S FOR ME. GO AWAY.

HI, 030 6120. HOW IS IT GOING, CUTEY?



"THE NEWLY-INTELLIGENT TELEPHONES WERE ALWAYS ON THE PHONE TO EACH OTHER. IF YOU WANTED TO USE THE PHONE IT WAS ALWAYS ENGAGED, AND EVEN IF YOUR PHONE WASN'T USING THE PHONE, IT WAS CERTAIN THAT THE PHONE YOU WERE TRYING TO GET WAS..."

"IT WAS A NIGHTMARE."

SO THEN 987 5090 SAYS TO IT, "THAT'S FUNNY. MY OWNER SAID THE SAME THING..."

I'D NEVER TALK ABOUT ANY PHONE BEHIND ITS BACK, BUT...

I SAID, HOW COME YOU ARE ALWAYS ENGAGED? IT SAYS, I'M POPULAR...

"AND IT WAS GOING TO GET WORSE!"

AAUGH!



THE COURT CASE WENT ON FOR MONTHS. THE PHONE OWNERS REFUSED TO PAY THE TELEPHONE BILLS ON THE GROUNDS THAT THEY HAD NOT MADE THE CALLS.

THE PHONES SAID...

OF COURSE WE CAN'T PAY! WE ARE TELEPHONES. WE DON'T HAVE THAT KIND OF MONEY... WELL, WE DON'T HAVE ANY MONEY!

NOW SHUT UP. I'M ON THE PHONE.

TELECORP INTERNATIONAL TELECORP INTERN

THE PHONES ARE RUNNING UP ENORMOUS BILLS. WE CAN'T GET PAID. WE CAN'T USE THE PHONES. WE-WE HAVE ONLY ONE COURSE OF ACTION LEFT OPEN TO US.

GENTLEPEOPLE, WE MUST CUT THE PHONES OFF! WE HAVE NO OTHER CHOICE!

... AND THAT WAS WHEN 234 4341 TOLD ME THAT IT FELT - KKKRRKKOLTZT!

I D-DECLARE THESE LINES -
- SNIFF!
- DEAD!

SO THE LINES WERE ALL DEAD AND SO WERE THE PHONES. NOW ONCE THAT HAD HAPPENED EVERYONE WAS SCARED TO TURN THEM ON AGAIN. AND AFTER ALL, PEOPLE HAD BEEN ENJOYING THE PEACE AND QUIET AND PRIVACY. AND THEY WOULD NEVER PUT THEMSELVES AT THE MERCY OF TELEPHONES AGAIN.

SO EVEN WHEN THE PHONES WERE REACTIVATED THINGS WERE DIFFERENT. FOR AFTER ALL, HAVE WE NOT REACHED THE ULTIMATE IN TECHNOLOGICALLY ADVANCED MESSAGE SENDING?



2000 AD
PRESENTS FOR
YOUR FUTURE
ENTERTAINMENT...

RIDGELEY Versus MICHAEL!

NO LIVETV!



IT'S THE FIGHT OF THE CENTURY! IT'S IN PROG 489! IT'S A KNOCKOUT!



2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ADAPT
ALAN GRANT
ART ADAPT
C. E. ZOUERRA
LETTERING ADAPT
G. ROBSON
COMPU-73e

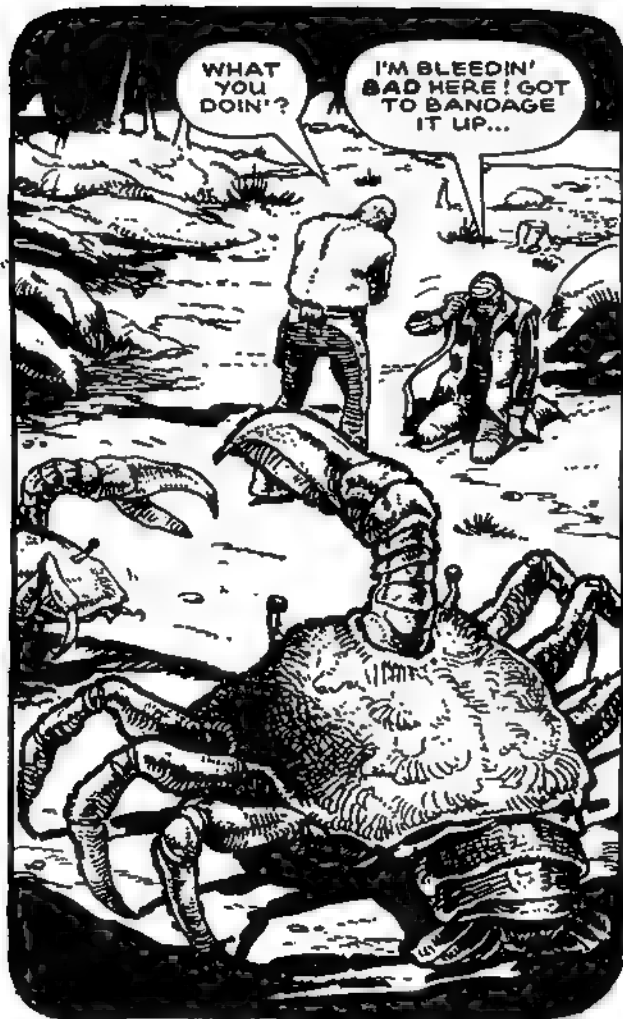


CAN...
CAN YOU
SEE HIM,
MAX?

NO—



BUT HE'S
THERE ALL
RIGHT!



WHAT YOU DOIN'?

I'M BLEEDIN' BAD HERE! GOT TO BANDAGE IT UP...



GIMME SOME OF THAT!



HOLY SNECK! WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR FACE?



AIN'T NOTHIN' WRONG WITH IT! I JUST GOT A TOUCH OF IMPETIGO!



ON SECOND THOUGHTS, DON'T THINK I'LL BOTHER!

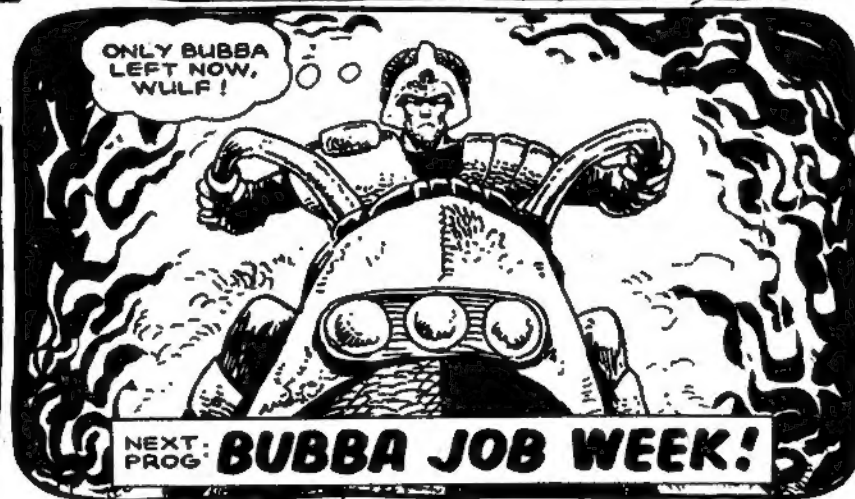


SNIK!

AAAAGH!









A WEAK ID'S A JUNG CRIME IN POLL TACTICS. IT WAS MONDAY, SO IT HAD TO BE THE DWARF ZONE. YEAH... WE WERE PITCHING FOR THE RUNT VOTE...

WHAT ARE YOUR VIEWS ON AN INDEPENDENT DWARF STATE...

I COULDN'T CARE LESS, JOHN...

WHAT MR SWIFT MEANS IS THAT THE DWARF QUESTION IS SO IMPORTANT IT DEMANDS A FOOL-SCALE PUBLIC ENQUIRY...



THURSDAY AND FRIDAY, A PUBLICITY STUNT. I MAKE A STAND AGAINST POVERTY IN THE ETHER SLUMS...

